

The Press and Banner

By W. W. and W. R. Bradley.

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Consulting Laymen.

The Associate Reformed Presbyterian is getting right, and when the church paper gets right, there is hope for the church. In the last week's issue of that paper we find the following sentences:

"We are constantly asking what do the laymen think of this or that enterprise of the church? It is to us a matter of great importance that they should be thoroughly identified with the church and are working for its welfare. Probably there is no layman who will qualify to speak of our Home Mission work as Mr. A. G. Brose, the Treasurer."

If the Synod would adopt the Presbyterian's suggestion in taking more of the laymen into the confidence of the clergy good would come to the church. The clergy ought to have piety and religious zeal, while the strength of the laity ought to be developed along practical lines. From the nature of things it cannot reasonably be expected that preachers should develop the greatest skill in practical matters, especially when they cut themselves off from the sympathy, co-operation and good judgment of men whose success in life is due to practical methods.

If the good suggestion of the Presbyterian is acted upon, surely enough laymen will become interested in church work to enable the Synod to fill out members of Boards and Committees, without using the same names so many times. When the clergy invites the laity to take part in church work, the union of piety with practical methods will result in great good. The general in the army may be ever so wise, but if he has not the private soldier at his command, failure will come to him. In like manner when the clergy assumes to lead the laity, and the laity will fall of possibly merited success. The clergy should have wisdom, while the strength of the laity should be at their command.

While we have no doubt that the clergy have not for their purpose the keeping of the laity from participating in the upbuilding of the Church, yet the fact remains that the frequent meetings of Synod in distant States cannot have other effect than the exclusion of the laity from the councils of the Church. If it were desired to have the laity in their meetings of the Synod fewer meetings could be held, or the Synod could be divided into smaller Synods that would cover less territory.

If it be urged that the congregations are too few to organize a Presbytery or a Synod, then let the energy of the Church be directed to building up the waste places.

The Methodists and the A. R. P.'s at one time were not very different in strength. Their policy has ever been to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of the laity. The result has been that in this State alone, the Methodist church includes 88,000 communicants. At this time the aggregate of the A. R. P.'s in thirteen States, and in indefinite territory of the Republic of Mexico is only 13,000 communicants.

When we view these facts it is indeed gratifying to note that the A. R. P. Church paper is beginning to notice little things and to be awakened to the importance of adding to the church, the strength and zeal that may be had by co-operation with the laity.

Don't Be Discouraged.

The members of the Anti-Dispensary League need not be discouraged because of their leader's action in temporarily suspending operations. No doubt when the financial troubles are over, Mr. Sturkey will renew the warfare in time to bring on the election next year. Even if every man in the county should rally under Mr. Sturkey's banner, the election could not be held until next November.

The Press and Banner agrees with the correspondent of the News and Courier from this place in not knowing exactly what finances have to do with signing the petition for the election, but that newspaper and this newspaper may rely upon the fact that Mr. Sturkey knows. He has studied the subject and is very much in earnest. Prohibitionists could not have enlisted under the banner of a more able political leader, and they are no doubt proud of his efforts in their behalf.

The success of a cause depends largely on the ability and fidelity of the leader. With such men as Mr. Sturkey at the head of a temperance movement who can doubt the result? When a man of Mr. Sturkey's ability can awaken the latent and dormant political tendencies of a people, and when he can draw to his aid the pulpits, all will be well. No man need doubt when the normal condition of the money market is resumed, the great work of making men sober by law, instead of by moral suasion will begin in earnest. No man ever had better men under him than Mr. Sturkey had.

Whither are We Drifting.

We notice in the newspapers that Mr. Justice Pope has refused bail to a man who had been convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to the penitentiary.

We also notice that Circuit Judge Watts set aside the verdict of a jury against a negro, which verdict was manifestly unjust.

When the Judges of this State cease to be champions of manslaughter, and when judges begin to see that a negro doesn't get more than his share of justice, there is hope for the future.

If any man thinks that this country is in a state of peace, let him read the first page of any of the daily newspapers.

If any man wants to know whether the slayer or the slain is to blame, let him record the instances wherein it is proven that the slayer is innocent of crime, while the slain was so wholly to blame as to create the impression that the jury thought the dead man had committed suicide.

If judges lend their official influence with the juries in clearing murderers, this country will furnish no protection to the life of the citizen.

Another Good Suggestion.

The Associate Reformed Presbyterian of last week contained a most sensible suggestion. Among other things that paper said:

"The South Carolina Methodist Conference is in session this week at Gaffney. The Methodists know their business far better than we do but to an outsider it seems strange that Methodist preachers should be taken away from their homes and their charges on Thanksgiving day. The day appears to us to be too important for them to be absent."

We have not so often noticed that the Conference meets on Thanksgiving day, but for a long time we have wondered why the Conference and the A. R. Synod always meet so as to include Sunday. It is strange to the Presbyterian that Methodists would be away from their homes and their charges on Thanksgiving day. It is still more strange that the governing assembly of either Church should be absent from their homes and their charges on Sunday.

We believe that neither the Synod nor the Conference does any work on Sunday. Then why so arrange the meeting as to include that day, and to impose the additional expense on the home holders who are glad to entertain for a reasonable time?

STINGING REBUKE.

Congressman Aiken Replies in Open Letter to Malignant Attack on Cotton Producers by Saturday Evening Post.

Abbeville, S. C., Nov. 30, 1907.

Editor of the Saturday Evening Post: In an editorial that has been extensively quoted and commented on by the papers of the Congressional District that I have the honor to represent, you said: "We must depend principally upon cotton, which Europe will buy in great quantities, and which runs into money very fast, to overturn this menace and turn the tide our way. That, in view of such public need, planters should hold cotton for mere personal gain is truly reprehensible. We read that the banks generally will keep them in the path of duty by refusing to extend loans on stored cotton."

It would be a waste of time to reply to such an absurd statement, if absurdity was its greatest objection. The editorial is gratuitously impertinent as it is maliciously false.

Living as I do, in the midst of the cotton belt, and being fully conversant with the situation, I can assure you that the cotton farmer has suffered by reason of the manipulation of his product by Wall Street gamblers aided and abetted by certain subsidized newspapers, I am prepared to say, God speed the day, when the intrigue and legalized theft of Wall Street can be balked by no more "reprehensible" act on the part of the producer, than simply holding his own property until he sees fit to dispose of it.

And you say: "The banks generally will keep them (the cotton farmers) in the path of duty by refusing to extend loans on stored cotton." Let me inform you, and your kind, that, as a rule, the class of men who now have cotton stored, do business on the other side of the ledger, and if it were believed that the "banks generally" had enlisted in a dastardly attempt to bully the farming class, the banks, and not the farmers would be the sufferers. The cotton of the dependent class has generally been put on the market, and if some are weak, they have had ready help in their own pockets. If local banks should be fooled into such a short-sighted, suicidal policy.

Now, what are some of the facts about this product of the farm that the Saturday Evening Post alleges has so demoralized American finance? The probability is, that the crop will not far exceed twelve million bales. In an interview in Atlanta, some months ago, the President of the International Cotton Spinners Association, who was also President of the largest mill in England, admitted that the English mills had sold their output of cotton cloth on an average of nine months or more, on a basis of fifteen cents per pound for reason. This being the case, and there is no reason to doubt the statement, who is entitled to the extra margin of five cents per pound, between recent prices, and the price at which mills have sold their output at a profit? The cotton farmer can pay the advanced price for cotton cloth, manufactured on a basis of five cents per pound, but if he refuses to dump his cotton on the market, at a loss of five cents per pound of its acknowledged value, you brand his conduct as "reprehensible."

And this you think has brought American finance to the brink of ruin? A glance at the figures will show the absurdity of your statement. A private crop estimate circulated on N. Y. Exchange November 29, placed the yield this year, at 10,385,000 bales. On the same date the Liverpool Cotton Exchange estimated the crop at 11,855,000 bales. If this is near the mark, and it is safe to say that it is, this crop is short of last year's crop by more than 1,500,000 bales. Cotton brought into sight up to Nov. 20, this year, amounted to 4,300,000 bales against 5,700,000 same time last year. Allowing for the shortness of this year's crop, has not cotton been marketed at about its normal rate?

The one true thing that you did say, by inference, was that exported cotton alone adds to the volume of currency. Cotton sold and consumed in this country simply takes the money out of one man's pocket and puts it into the pocket of the other. Now let us see how the export stand. The total exports from September 1st to Nov. 30th this year amounted to 2,377,000 bales, against 2,578,000 bales same period last year. There is an approximate difference of half a million bales, or say \$25,000,000. Does anybody believe that the financial base of this country could be shaken by a balance of trade of \$25,000,000 for or against us, when our export trade runs up into the billions? You have no word of censure for the money sharks who withdrew their money from circulation, but the farmer who will not sacrifice his cotton, at less than value, to coax the money from its hiding, is guilty of "reprehensible" conduct.

If the planter, unlike other free American citizens, as you say, must eliminate "merely personal gain," in disposing of his product, may he not at least look to the greatest public good? Since his interests must be secondary, would it not be better for the public good for the farmer to hold the two-thirds of the crop until foreign trade pays an additional two-thirds of the price, than to sell at a low price. This would really add to the volume of currency, not to mention the incidental advantage to farmers.

It is not just possible, Mr. Editor, that instead of depressed finances being due to, concerted action by the farmers, in holding back their cotton, depressed prices for cotton may be due to concerted action by financiers, in holding back their money? Is it not possible that this panic, coming just at this time, was started with this purpose, and that it has gotten beyond the control of its promoters?

But we will not be drawn further into justifying the conduct of our people, in a matter that neither you nor your Wall Street friends have the slightest right to dictate or even suggest; a matter that as free American citizens we can dispose of in our own way, at our own good pleasure. The Frederick, the Great, try your reverses, we have learned the arts of war, and neither the bullying nor flattery of Wall Street gamblers and their satellites will wrest from us the triumph of right. We are capable of attending to our own affairs and we have heard of many who have gotten rich by this simple process.

Wyatt Aiken.

Carnival Coming.

In all its dust and tinsel and glory, the Smith Greater Shows will open a week of noise, hilarity and abandon, beginning Monday the ninth of December.

Get ready for the fracas! See the man with the knives, walking sticks and rings. Buy an envelope and get a watch, warranted no blanks! Open your proboscis and have it filled with confetti, and great Scott, see the snakes!—but do it sober, or else you might invite the Jim Jams. The Oriental Egyptian pipe that does the ever present lay the poo-choo koo-choo danseuse demands attention, listen for its song. Katzenjammer, jaw-breaking, high-diving-features that make things glorious and giddy are everywhere. The same old things, yet all are new. The new is old and the old is new and it makes no difference, we are going to see them any way. So look out for the ninth of December and listen for the band.

The Paving of the Square.

The old public square of the horse racks and mud is rapidly passing. The removal of the old court house sounded the death knell and now the Mayor is burying it under a macadam pavement.

Don't call our market place square any more, but place your thumbs in the arm pits of your vest, throw out your chest and call it Plaza, with a long vowel like the Plaza.

It is all right to place like Greenwood and Ninety-Six to call the public mart, "The Square," but place like Abbeville and Anderson call it "The Plaza."

Now for the HOLIDAY Trade! ONLY 3 WEEKS UNTIL XMAS. Everything Ready.

Smith Dry Goods Co.

Here you will find a choice stock of useful as well as ornamental merchandise suitable Xmas presents for each member of the family as well as your friends.

Come early and bring your List, we will help you to think.

Ladies and Children's Cloaks

Now is the time to buy your Cloak. Prices range \$3 50 and up to \$25. Children's Cloaks 98c and up.

Silk Petticoats

Also a full line of Mercerised Petticoats.

Ready-to-wear Skirts

A complete stock to select from—Voiles, Panamas and Mohairs.

Ready-to-wear Waists

Lace, Taffeta and China Silks. Eoru, Cream and Black.

Fur Neck Pieces

Throws, Scarfs and Muffs. Children's Fur Sets.

Hosiery and Gloves

For ladies, misses and children as good as your money can buy. 10c, 15c, 25c and 50c. 16 button Kid Gloves, black, tan, brown and white.

Useful Gifts for Home

Lace Curtains, Table Damask. Napkins, Blankets, Table Covers, Rugs.

Hand Bags

Trunks and Satchels.

Plain and Fancy Silks

Suitable for dresses and waists. A few nice wool dress patterns left.

Ziegler Bros. Fine Shoes for Ladies. Automobile Free.

A coupon with each 25c cash purchase. Don't forget last day December 23rd. Each and every coupon counts. You may hold the lucky one.

Now for a Few of the Fancy Gifts.

Ladies Embroidered Handkerchiefs Lace and Silk Collars, Elastic and Silk Belts, Feather Boas, Pillow Tops, Laundry Bags.

Fine Silk Umbrellas.

Collar Cases, Post Card Albums, Ink Stands, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Work Boxes, Pictures, Jewel Boxes and number of other acceptable Xmas gifts.

SHOP WITH US AND SAVE MONEY.

SMITH DRY GOODS CO.

WEST END.

Mr. Lewis Perrin who is attending the South Carolina College spent Thanksgiving with his mother Mrs. L. W. Perrin.

Mrs. W. P. Ferguson left Sunday for Atlanta to join Mr. Ferguson.

Miss Ellen Gambrell and Miss Georgia Edwards spent Thanksgiving in Anderson.

Mrs. Lucy Thompson has issued invitations to a card party Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Lucy Thompson entertained most delightfully Friday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. Calvert Thomson.

Mrs. Thompson's guests were bright with bowls of fruit and chrysanthemums. Miss Ellen Bowles served delicious punch in the hall.

Mrs. Bullock, Miss Maxwell, Mrs. E. Ringan Thomson, Mrs. Luther Hightsmith and Miss Brooks assisted Mrs. Thompson in receiving her guests. During the evening a delicious buffet supper was served in the cozy dining room.

Misses Septima Hollingsworth, Edna Cox and Sarah Calvert served the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Aiken of Chester were guests of Hon. and Mrs. Wyatt Aiken last week.

Mr. Albert McCaw is the guest of his sister Mrs. L. W. Perrin.

Mr. Fuller Reese who is attending Clemson College spent the holidays with his parents.

Mr. R. C. Philson spent last Thursday in Columbia.

Mr. Harold McCall was in Anderson several days last week.

Mrs. Lewis Perrin is to Green while the visiting of her grandmother, Mrs. Jane H. Miller.

Miss Lily Thompson, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. John M. Thorn in Millersburg, Ky., is in Chattanooga, Tenn., where she is attending a Business College.

Miss Ethel Lyon spent Thanksgiving with her home people. Seen and as her guests, Misses Bonnie Kennedy, Mary Bryce, Isabelle Gooding and Gladys Patrick.

Mr. Hugo Cromer spent Thanksgiving with his parents.

Mrs. W. A. Templeton, Mrs. John Thoro

and children spent Thanksgiving at Monterey with Mrs. George Speer.

Miss Rosa Maxwell and Miss Mary Robertson left Tuesday for Chester to attend the U. D. C. meeting.

Mr. John Calvert spent Thanksgiving with his parents.

Mrs. Cliff Williams who has been the guest of Mrs. Mary Perrin left last week for her home in Meridian.

Mrs. E. Ringan Thomson has issued invitations to a reception Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. J. S. Calvert Thomson.

Mrs. W. D. Wilson will entertain the Euchre club Friday afternoon at four o'clock.

Miss Nellie Winston spent several days in Columbia last week.

Mr. James Moore of Mr. H. L. N. C. spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

Miss Eliza Gary and Miss Caroline Graves were the houseguests of Miss Corrie Graves in Lattimer last week.

Mr. John Brewer of Atlanta was the guest of his sister Mrs. A. S. Simmons Thanksgiving.

Miss Nannie Allen spent the holidays with her parents.

Miss Maud Williams after spending some time with Miss Norwood has returned to her home in Meridian.

Mrs. Ellen Norwood left Tuesday for Charleston where she will spend the winter.

Mr. William Lattimer spent Sunday with his mother Mrs. Lattimer.

Misses Fannie and Mary Starke went over to Atlanta last week to attend the Clemson Tech football game.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Perrin have returned to their home in Meridian.

Misses Louisa DeBruit and Ivy Calhoun entertained the Bridge Club most delightfully last week.

Miss Annie Allen spent Thanksgiving in Anderson.

Mrs. J. M. Nickles spent Thanksgiving in Due West.

Mrs. J. E. Bradley has returned after a visit to Greenwood.

Dr. and Mrs. McMurray spent Thanksgiving in Greenwood.

Miss Adoll Motagne of Bordeaux was the

McKee's Locals.

Samples. Samples: 237 pieces, right fresh and new, at unbeared prices.

A \$5.00 silk shawl for \$3.48 at McKee's.

A \$1.50 silk shawl for 98c at McKee's.

A \$2.50 white wool shawl for \$1.94 at McKee's.

\$1.00 shawls for 75c; 50c shawls for 38c; 38c the 50c kind; 19c the 35c kind.

Baby bonnets and caps at 19c, 38c and 50c each.

Ladies underwear at 19c, 25c and 38c.

50c ties for men at 38c; 50c ties for 19c.

A big assortment of these: Undervests for ladies at 75c, the \$1.00 kind; 50c the 75c kind; 38c the 50c kind; 19c the 35c kind.

Men's vests, wool and cotton, at 19c, 38c, 50c and 75c each.

Men's pants and at bargain, from \$5.00 pants for \$3.48; \$3.50 pants for \$2.49; \$2.50 pants for \$1.94; \$1.50 pants for 98c.

All boys' at 50c row 38c; \$1.00 pants at 75c; 25c pants at 19c pair.

Bargains in boys clothing. \$1.25 suits at 89c; \$1.50 suits at 1.19; \$2.00 suits at 1.49.

A big line of ladies hose and socks for men at \$1.19, 12c, 38c and 50c. All genuine bargains.

Save 12c by buying a pair of good warm gloves for 38c. All colors.

Men's overalls at 38c, the 40c kind; \$1.00 overalls for 75c. Cows to suit.

Negative shirts, silk for \$1.08, worth \$1.50; \$2.50 negative shirts for \$1.75; some \$2.00 goods at \$1.48; \$1.50 negligees and work shirts for 98c; 25c kind for 19c.

Bargains in all kinds of purses and hand bags.

All kinds of sweaters at 38c and 75c.

Meeting of Daughters of Confederate. The Daughters of the Confederacy will meet on next Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. C. D. Brown.

Mrs. L. T. Miller, Secretary.

Poems in burnt leather bindings at Dargan's 5 and 10c store.

101 pieces China dinner sets at Dargan's 5 and 10c store at \$17.50 These sets are imported and are bargains.

GEMS IN VERSE.

The Little Streets.

"Tomorrow I'll do it," says Bennie.
"I will by and by," says Beth.
"Not now—pretty soon," says Jennie.
"In a minute," says little Beth.
Oh, dear little people, remember
That, true as the stars in the sky,
The little streets of Tomorrow,
Pretty soon and by-and-by—
Lead, one and all,
As straight, they say,
To the city of Not at All!
—Annie H. Donnell in Youth's Companion.

If I Were You.

If I were you, I'd see my path of duty
So plain and straight, without a curve or bend.
And walk upon it, without swerve or falter,
Nor like a beginning straggling to its end.
I'd be so strong, so faithful and so true,
I would, if I were you.

If I were you, I'd live upon a pittance
And save up money for a rainy day.
And never buy a pretty gown or jewel
Or take a bit of pleasure by the way,
And try to find a broader mental view,
I would, if I were you.

If I were you and friends that knew you long,
Would hurt and wound, adieu unasked would give,
I'd still forbear and cherish all their virtues
And even with them in constant strife.
I'd be so faithful, constant through and through,
I would, if I were you.

If I were you and found some gentle woman
Who gave you sweetness, trust and sympathy,
I would not turn to them for consolation,
But seek alone the barren tree of hate,
And try to find a broader mental view,
Ah, no; I would not—not if I were you.

And if a man should help you with his liking
To stronger purpose or to braver deed,
I'd do without his presence and incentive,
Lest all the gossip's tongues thereby should speed,
Although I take from life its pleasures freely,
I would, if I were you.

If I were you, I'd stay in old enclosures
And not go where the wind is blowing free.
No matter what the stress and strain of life is,
Temptations, trials, sorrows, loss among,
All this and more I'd do,
I would, if I were you.

But for myself, as I am just a woman,
I'll take what help and gladness I can find,
Nor make a pledge to absolute perfection,
And all my way to hard heretofore bind.
Content to think, with kindly deeds as leaves,
While here I dwell I lose no hope of heaven,
And so, withal, at last I may not rue
Not doing as I would if I were you.
—Anna Olcott Comstock.

Child and Mother.

O mother, my love, if you'll give me your hand
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land,
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder!
We'll walk in the sweet poesy garden out there
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little, tired out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to assess,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.
For I'll rock you away on the silver dew stream
And sing you to sleep when you're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,
And the wide awake stars shall sing in my stead
As you whisper your dreamland soft tones.
So, mother, my love, let me take your dear hand,
And away through the starlight we'll wander,
Away through the mist to the beautiful land,
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder!
—Eugene Field.

The Mirror.

My mirror tells me that my face is fair,
And can I doubt but that it tells me true?
My mirror says that I have good hair and light
And cheeks like the wild rose and eyes of blue.
I say, "Do I indeed these charms possess,
O trusty glass?" My mirror answers "Yes."
When lovers' tales this heart all free from care
Have sufficed with flattery's cloying sweet,
Unto my mirror do I straight repair
And cry, "O mirror, is this all I meet?
Say, do I merit praise and fond caress?"
Then doth my trusty mirror answer "Yes."

Deem me not vain, I pray, for well I know
That when life's aches have lost their sting
I must one day unto my mirror go—
And say, "Oh mirror, is this true?
That every day my youthful charms grow less?"
Then must my trusty mirror answer "Yes."

And, oh, I trust that in that latter day,
The time of silvered hair and fading sight,
When I unto my looking glass shall say,
"O mirror, with my beauty's waning light
Doth honor also fall and virtue go?"
Then may mine truthful mirror answer "No."
—Margaret F. Mauro in McClure's Magazine.

Each in His Own Place.

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a shell,
A jellyfish and a satirist
And caves where the cave men dwell
Then a sense of law and beauty
And all over nature and lowly
Some call it evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky;
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields
And the wild geese sailing high
And all over nature and lowly
The charm of the goldenrod—
Some of us call it autumn,
And others call it God.

Like the sides on a crescent seaboard
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,
Come from the mystic coast
Where rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it longing,
And others call it God.

A plowman on his duty,
A mother striving for her brood,
Socrates darning the hemlock
And leaning on the rock,
The million who, humble and nameless
The straight, hard pathway tread—
Some call it consecration,
And others call it God.

—W. E. Carruth in Christian Register.

Don't talk o' martial heroes till th' toot o' Gabriel's horn
An' declaim about your statesmen till you've hoarse'd
But they ain't th' biggest heroes that into th'